

let it go eleven by rosie rifts

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Romance, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-02-27 06:07:31

Updated: 2018-02-27 06:07:31

Packaged: 2019-12-17 00:51:50

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 614

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: what will happen when mike begins to start seeing el's past, in his dreams? will mike be able to hold in his anger? of what brenner did to eleven, his eleven? major mileven fluff. hope everyone enjoys my first fanfic! ;) T rating because of bad language.

let it go eleven

The scientist were holding *her* back. El... Eleven... **ELEVEN!** He had to get to her, they were hurting eleven, his **eleven... ELEVEN!**

Mike suddenly woke up dripping in sweat. *It was just a dream, or was it?* He thinks. *No, the bad men couldn't get to her. But what if they found her, AND are punishing her?* No, they are gone. *You have to go see if she is ok.* No, she is fine, ill just make her anxiety worse. *Stand up dumbass.* No. **STAND UP.** NO! **STAND UP AND SEE IF SHES OK, FUCKTARD!** "FINE!" He actually screams this part, well, to bad and to late.

Mike quickly puts on his shoes runs out the front door. He jumps on to his bike, still in his pajamas. *Shit!* Mike runs back into the house and puts on a pair of light blue jeans and a red, green, and white striped shirt. He puts his shoes back and then runs back outside to get back on his bike. *Crap! I smell like shit!* He then (yet again!) runs inside and puts on deodorant. Mike runs back outside and hops on his bike. *I can't believe that took twenty minutes!* He quickly pedals (even though it still takes 10 minutes) to the cabin that eleven lives in. He again, starts to sweat. *What the hell, well here goes nothing!* He goes around to the back of the cabin to see if el was okay. *Shit, the curtains are drawn.* Mike lightly taps the window. No Response. *Crap.* He taps a little harder. Still, No Response. *Shit!* He hits the window. *Finally.* He thinks as he hears rustling inside. Eleven draws back the curtains and opens the window. He sighs a relief that it wasn't hopper. "Hi mike." She says without question. "Hi eleven... I just." Eleven suddenly puts a finger on his lips. He then starts to levitate towards the window, he is then brought inside the house. "Continue." Eleven says. "I'm sorry, I just had to come, I had a bad dream and I had to see... you." Mike suddenly feels like a burden has been lifted off his shoulders. He also feels really embarrassed because she has on that cute face of concern. "Really El, it was just a dream." Eleven then pulls out a note book. "What is that el belle?" Mike asks trying to look at what it says. "Dream book." Eleven says without looking at Mike. He feels like something is wrong, and he doesn't like it. Mike slightly tilts up elevens head. She was crying. Silent tears dripping one by one of her face. "El belle, don't cry, I'm not mad!" Mike had previous bad

dreams and always came and made sure that el was okay. He had always told eleven the whole deal of the story, but he didn't know that she was writing them down. "Mike not mad at eleven for keeping track of his dreams?" Eleven says desperately looking for furiousness in his eyes, yet she only found comfort and calmness. "Of course, not Elie. It's completely fine." Eleven starts to untense. "Dream?" she asks. They start to stare at each other's eyes. Mike's a dark brown and eleven, a lighter shade. "Sure" he says. As Mike goes through his dream eleven writes it down, with her mind and with major spelling issues. As her nose starts to dribble blood, Mike wipes it away softly. "You know what I find funny?" eleven says. "What?" Mike asks as she reads through all her notes. "All of your dreams, are all in order of my past." And that must be the most words that she has ever said.